UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Perplexities

By ALSON H. ROBINSON

Items from a Traveler's Note-book

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

The Present Crisis: The Shadow of the League

By BRENT DOW ALLINSON

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Contents

EDITORIAL—

Notes 323
Perplexities.—REV. ALSON H. ROBINSON 325
Jottings.—J. H. H 326
Editorial Correspondence—
A Diagnosis of Europe.—REV. SYDNEY STRONG 327
Items from a Traveler's Note-book.—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 328

ARTICLES—

A War Prayer.—*Mark Twain* 323
The Present Crisis: The Shadow of the League. II.—BRENT DOW ALLINSON 331
Country Glimpses.—H. S. N 333

POETRY—

The Clue.—V. E. S 330

THE STUDY TABLE—

Books about Man.—FREDERICK STARR 333

CORRESPONDENCE—

Wells Misrepresents Gibbon.—HAROLD FISK ... 335
Appreciation of UNITY.—KATE RICHARDS O'HARE 335

THE FIELD—

Chicago Bids Farewell to Frederick Starr 335
Announcement.—Congress on America and the Permanent Court of International Justice ... 335

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. XCI THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1923 NUMBER 21

A WAR PRAYER

"O Lord our Father, our young patriots, idols of our hearts, go forth to battle—be Thou near them! With them—in spirit—we also go forth from the sweet peace of our beloved firesides to smite the foe.

"O Lord our God, help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to drown the thunder of the guns with the wounded, writhing in pain; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavailing grief; help us to turn them out roofless, with their little children to wander unfriended through wastes of their desolated lands in rags and hunger and thirst, sport of the sun flames of summer and the icy winds of winter, broken in spirit, worn with travail, imploring Thee for the refuge of the grave and denied it—for our sakes, who adore Thee, Lord, blast their hopes, blight their lives, protract their bitter pilgrimage, make heavy their steps, water their way with their tears, stain the white snow with the blood of their wounded feet! We ask of one who is the spirit of love and who is the ever-faithful refuge and friend of all that are sore beset and seek His aid with humble and contrite hearts. Grant our prayer, O Lord, and Thine shall be the praise and honor and glory now and ever. Amen." —*Mark Twain.*

UNITY prints the above "War Prayer," by Mark Twain, in recognition of "No-More-War Day" (July 29th) which will be observed in America and throughout the world, by all friends of humanity, before this issue of our paper appears in print. If people knew, or cared, every customary activity of business and pleasure would be suspended on this date, and every man, woman and child in every country be dedicated to the solemn outlawry of war from off the earth. Multitudes would gather with one accord in churches and cathedrals, in schools, market-places and public squares, in every familiar center of popular assembly, and lift such a voice of protest and revolt against this monstrous thing, that kings would tremble on their thrones, premiers and diplomats be shaken in fear of men, and soldiers everywhere hide themselves in shame and confusion from the light of the sun. As it is, of course, no such terrific demonstration will take place. In many cities and towns in many countries, there will be large gatherings of idealists, pacifists, consecrated youth, enlightened workingmen. But these will be few as compared with the multitudes of earth. But also these will be the chosen—the remnant who save—the salt which delivers from decay and death. Let not these few be discouraged or afraid! While they live in fidelity to the heavenly vision, the world of humankind cannot be lost—the cause of peace, so long engulfed in darkness, cannot be forever shut off from the light of victory. Just because they hold within their keeping the destinies of mankind, must these few persevere unto the end. "Ye are the salt of the earth; but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted?"

Persons who wonder why war still threatens, and preparations for war still go on, as though nothing had happened at all in these last ten years, have only to read the news items of the day, with due attention to their real significance, to find answers to their questions. For example, here is a despatch from Ottawa, Canada, about the great naval base which the British Empire is preparing to build at Singapore. It seems that Canada is expected to have some part in this vast enterprise, which marks a step as momentous in the East as the decision to match the air forces of France marks here in the West. But the Canadians, like peoples elsewhere, are not particularly enthusiastic about this business of war and preparedness for war; and, what is more, the Government is not over-anxious to assume the financial burden involved. So we learn from this despatch that it "will be put up to Canada" by the coming Imperial Conference to supply "the raw materials" for the construction of the naval base. "Such a proposal," says this despatch, "the Government might find some difficulty in resisting. *It would appeal to the steel industries of the East and the lumber industry of British Columbia, which would be called on for large quantities of material, and a powerful lobby in favor of it might be expected.*" Enough said! Is not the whole story made plain by such an item of news as this? Just sit down quietly by yourselves, dear friends, and think this despatch over carefully, discreetly, soberly, and in the fear of God, and see if you don't now know one good reason at least why nations prepare for war, and why they go to war.

We know of nothing more melancholy these days than the final relapse of the European nations into the old competitive race of armaments, and the revival of the hoary falsehood of "preparedness." It would seem as though the Great War would have ended forever these phenomena of international policy and philosophy. After a generation of such competitive arming as the world had never seen throughout its long history of

violence and bloodshed, all on the basis of the doctrine that to be prepared for war is the most effectual means of securing peace, Europe was plunged in 1914 into one vast and terrific conflict from which no armed nation was able to escape. In the face of such a spectacle, how could arms ever again be relied upon to keep the peace? How could men fail at once to strip themselves of weapons so dangerous and ultimately fatal? For a time it seemed as though "preparedness" were dead forever. Versailles at least disarmed Germany and Austria; the League of Nations started interesting inquiries as to the need anywhere of great armies and navies; the Washington Conference struck what seemed at the time to be a death blow at armaments upon the sea. But Allied Europe did not disarm; Russia maintained her stupendous "red army"; the multitudinous small nations created by the peace treaties, armed themselves to the teeth; worst of all, France began construction on a vast scale of the terrible new weapons of air and undersea warfare, and became over night the military dictator of the world. And now, suddenly, just as though we were back in the old days, with nothing learned from the war, definite competition begins again, and the ancient "preparedness" philosophy is solemnly proclaimed anew! We have already referred in these columns to the ghastly report of England's new submarines, which are destined to do today what the first dreadnaughts did twenty years ago, and of her determination to build air-fleets to meet the menace of France. Immediately after this comes the news that France is reorganizing her army on a war basis, with the official declaration of her government that "we are preparing the army for war, which we are resolved to prevent." Such talk as apology for such action sickens the heart almost unto death. Where in such a situation as this are we to look for hope?

Speaking of England and her resumption of competitive armaments against France, as formerly against Germany, we would emphasize our conviction that it is quite impossible to exaggerate the seriousness of this event. England has, for hundreds of years now, had a strange, almost uncanny genius for sensing reality, and an altogether extraordinary capacity for adapting herself to reality and, sooner or later, mastering it. The English, in other words, have never been fooled by illusions, never dwelt complacently in the realm of dreams, never even given themselves fanatically to the service of abstract principles or ideals. They have first and last and all the time been realists, especially in matters concerning their own best worldly interests. They have faced facts without flinching, understood these facts exactly as they are, and acted accordingly. It is this unchanging attitude of English character, and of English imperial government, which makes so serious the policy of armaments recently announced by the Baldwin Cabinet to the House of Commons. England has for five years, now, been watching the after-war European situation with an eye single to the facts. She has sincerely desired, we believe, the success of the League of Nations and its Court, the restoration of Germany to the family of nations, and gradual disarmament on land and sea. In desiring these things, she has been moved little by ideals and much by honest consideration of her own political and economic interests. Now, suddenly, she acts!—and acts in a way to indicate her belief that all hope of adjustment is gone, and that she must prepare for the next war now surely on the way! In the light of England's record, we are forced to regard this as the most significant thing that has happened since Versailles!

Are we ever perfectly happy, supremely content, completely satisfied with things just as they are? We are, good friends, we are! No member of the Pollyanna tribe was ever at any one moment more perfectly happy, more supremely content, more completely satisfied with things as they are, than we were, and *are,* in view of the election of Magnus Johnson, on July 16th last, as senator from Minnesota. Don't ever say again, beloved critics, that we have a perpetual "grouch," are always complaining and finding fault. Not so, not so! The world is to us a good world, and the men in the world as wise as they are good, at least since that smashing victory was won by the Farmer-Laborite. Of Johnson himself we know as little as we care. We are not here concerned with, or interested in, personalities. What moves us to chortling glee is the fact that, in a state which is evenly divided between agricultural and industrial workers—which has 1,335,532 people living on the farms and 1,051,593 living in the cities, which produces farm products to the value of $508,020,233 and factory products to the value of $1,218,129,735, and which has one of the best public school systems in the Union and one of the lowest percentages of illiteracy (1.3 per cent as against 6 per cent for the entire country)—that, in such a state, the Republican party was smashed to bits, the Democratic party swallowed up as by a cyclone, and the new liberal or radical party swept to triumph over every influence of reaction. This election was no farmers' protest occasioned by the low price of wheat, as our newspapers have with one accord described it. Johnson carried the city of St. Paul, and just missed carrying Minneapolis! It was an uprising of a whole people against the existing government and established order. Incidentally, also, it consolidated the position of the La Follette group in the next Congress and makes the Wisconsin senator the central figure in the United States to-day. Are we happy? Look at our smile! It is as broad as the Cheshire Cat's, and, unlike the smile of that famous animal, is not going to fade away, but ever grow in breadth and radiance.

It's terrible—this problem of church-going! What on earth are we going to do to persuade people to go to church? Is Sunday rainy? Then of course it is impossible to attend services. One can go for the doctor in the rain, or call on a friend, or, if one has tickets for the theatre or the concert, will swim through a Noah's flood to be on hand; but church—well, that is a different matter. But perhaps Sunday is "brite and fare," as Judge Shute's "real boy" used to put it. Ah, that is worse than a rain storm. Go to church when the sky is blue, and the sun is warm, and the breeze is balmy? Impossible! The automobile needs exercise, and the golf field calls away. Many a clergyman groans deeper and longer over a fair Sunday these days than over a stormy one. Then, the awful catastrophe of a holiday coming on Friday or Monday! This brings to a tragic climax that interesting new social institution known as the "week-end." It's bad enough having Sunday and the Saturday half-holiday come together; but when is added to these a Christmas, a New Year's and a Lincoln's birthday all on Monday, as was the case this past year, the combination is fatal to church attendance. If one lives in the city, the "week-end," of course, is spent in the country; if one lives in the country, it is spent in the city. In either case, there is no necessity, or even opportunity, of going to church. Isn't it amazing—and amusing! Go to church? O yes, if there's nothing better to do, if the newspaper is uninteresting, if the automobile is out of repair, if there are no guests coming to dinner, if the sermon subject sounds sensational! But go to church for its own sake?—that's Victorian, medieval, antediluvean. Nobody does that any more! And, hang it, why should one, so long as the churches are what they are?

The concluding sentence in the above editorial raises sharply the question as to whether people or churches are to be blamed for the present deplorable situation. Personally we are not inclined to minimize the responsibility of the people themselves. This is an age of frivolity, superficiality, immorality, arrant materialism and sin. We neglect the churches exactly as men neglected the temples and cathedrals in the declining days of the Roman Empire and the rotten era of late Italian medievalism, because we are living openly and shamelessly in the flesh and not in the spirit. This is true—and is never to be forgotten in any just analysis of the contemporary situation. Even where the churches seem to be flourishing these days, it is a shallow social interest rather than a deep religious interest which brings men together in the shadow of God's altar. But, amid all the demoralizations of our time, there are still phenomena to cheer the heart. Theatres are thronged—and not merely the cheap but also the intellectual theatres; the outstanding dramatic success of the late New York season, for example, was Galsworthy's "Loyalties." Symphony orchestras and opera houses cannot give enough performances to satisfy the public demand. Art galleries are crowded with eager throngs. Good books—Wells's "Outline of History," Van Loon's "Story of Mankind," Stratchey's "Victoria," Robinson's "The Mind in the Making"—sell by the tens of thousands and are read by the hundreds of thousands. Public meetings on great issues gather enormous audiences. Even churches which are alive to the thoughts and aspirations of this troubled age, are packed week after week. But the average church—open once a week, and then well nigh empty!—where is the fault if not in the church itself? The deadness of its theology, the hypocrisy of its piety, the inhospitality and sheer stupidity of its conventions!

Perplexities

To understand what Mr. Joseph Conrad is driving at in what is probably the best known of his South Sea tales, "Lord Jim," sometimes calls for painful application. You wish that novelists who write after that fashion would cast their product into the dramatic form by telling you at the beginning of each paragraph who is doing the talking. But after you have given the thing up several times and run the entire gamut of human emotion as a reaction to your struggle, it begins to dawn upon you that perhaps you have been in the presence of a character worthy of respect. Mr. David Belasco says that Lord Jim is one of the greatest psychological studies in cowardice that has appeared in modern literature. Such a characterization tells only half the story.

The circumstances of one tragic moment stigmatized Jim as a coward. He deserted what was believed to be a sinking ship, refusing to share the danger to which all on board were subject. That's pretty bad; but it's hardly fair to place too great emphasis upon such a situation in view of the enormous number of practices, just as bad, which go uncondemned by modern society. It is no worse to desert a ship than it is to engage in the wholesale adulteration of food or the stimulation of organized murder, or the dissemination of information which can only lead to poisoning the springs of truth and good will. Here are practices which are fairly well accepted by society without effective protest or punishment.

In the matter of physical courage, Jim never faltered from that time forth. When he started out on his long pilgrimage from one Eastern port to another he engaged himself as clerk with the various shipping companies; and they all agreed that no man in their employ had ever taken so many chances on their behalf as Jim. Eventually he found himself on the is-

land of Patusan, lord of himself, and secure in the confidence of the natives until the fatal day when another white man arrived, less conscientious, which marked the end of Jim.

In a little book by Principal Jacks of Manchester College, Oxford, entitled "Religious Perplexities," Lord Jim's double rôle of hero and coward is attributed, by implication, to all of us. We all hold within us the potentialities of these two elements. Particularly does this conflict arise in the presence of perplexities of any sort. Whenever these perplexities come along, the coward in us is out for safety, while the hero in us is out for victory.

Probably one of the most persistent perplexities is that which forces itself upon the mind of every thoughtful person when he asks himself whether the part he is playing in society is really of any significance whatever—whether his life really counts for anything. It is rather an ancient perplexity, quite hopelessly involved with a lot of philosophical speculation which may not seem very vital. But the truth of the matter is that no satisfactory rejoinder has yet been made to the challenge of Sir Leslie Stephen to the effect that the world would be just as well off if our necks were wrung during the next five minutes.

The ordinary methods of logic are obviously incapable of dealing with such a perplexity; possibly there may be a *tertium organum,* a third canon of thought which, according to the Russian writer Ouspensky, will settle the perplexity. But thus far the established and conventional methods of logic have been the resort of cowards. By the same token, the only condition which is likely to inspire conviction that a person does really count for something is the heroic creation of reason by its own valor. In other words, the solution of this initial perplexity depends upon the cultivation of a faith which, as Jacks says, is reason grown courageous.

Perplexity number two, for an enormous mass of people, might be classified as that which besets their religious thought in general, and their opinions regarding Christianity in particular. What an enormous amount of confusion there appears to be in the minds of countless persons over this whole field of religion. In many respects it is of course an encouraging and hopeful sign. Everywhere one finds defenders of the faith. Sometimes of the pure variety once delivered to the saints; again of the clear and cold residue of modern science and criticism. Loyalty and devotion to one's religion are fine things, but there may be such a matter as over-production. You don't have to argue or protest your religion. It is like the love a man bears for his wife and children. One gets rather skeptical when he hears such a person talking too much. You don't have to argue about your religion, you don't have to defend or protect it; to do so only increases the perplexity.

A lot of people turn to religion to relieve them of their perplexities. With touching piety, the Secretary of War made eloquent appeal the other day, that the moral and religious training of the army be more carefully considered in order that the civilization of our time be brought back to that condition of stability which characterized it prior to the war, and then he adds, "I feel personally as all men must who have passed the meridian of life, a growing inclination toward religion and the religious life." Obviously such religion is an old man's religion, against which the revolt of the rising generation is inevitable.

The fact is, that a religion which is beset by so many perplexities as that which confronts its established traditions, is unlikely to contribute much toward solving the perplexities in other fields of human thought and action. What may be expected of it, as Jacks points out, is that a reason which has grown truly courageous may bring these things out into the open, and treat them in a different fashion than did the old catchwords and mustard poultices of the past.

These perplexities haunt us in every direction. Mr. Bertrand Russell's forecast of the future of Europe is that therein lies the dilemma of slavery or self-extermination. "America has offered less resistance to mechanism than European countries have, and has therefore shown sooner than we have what sort of culture industrialism tends to produce," says Mr. Russell. "For this reason," he continues, "I would rather see Europe composed of ignorant peasants than see its complete conquest by the mechanist outlook."

And so will these perplexities continue so long as people depend upon the machinery of the church for religious guidance and inspiration, or an international steam roller, whose apotheosis may be the League of Nations, for universal harmony. Education is the better device. Reason grown courageous is the final court of appeal.

ALSON H. ROBINSON.

Jottings

In a recent visit to Nova Scotia, we found that a coal strike was monopolizing public attention. During our stay in the country we read announcement in a Halifax newspaper that "a coal producer in the United States had offered (to the Nova Scotia coal operators) one million tons or more of low-priced, high-grade cokeing . . . mined in non-union pits in the southern states." Thus do the capitalists hang together! If labor hung together with half this degree of efficiency, the world would now be free.

It is Bishop John L. Nuelsen, of the Methodist

church, who tells us, "What is going on in the Ruhr today is a wholesale murder of tens of thousands of innocent women and children." If all bishops, to say nothing of all so-called Christians, spoke this way, this "wholesale murder . . . of women and children" might be stopped.

The British Air Minister, in a speech defending England's startling enlargement of her air forces, stated that he did not expect an attack from any one, "least of all from any of our old Allies," but that "we (the Empire) must ensure our national security." Same old bunk! No attack expected anywhere, but the largest armaments in the world must still be prepared to resist invasion!! Are we morons, that we are to stand this sort of thing forever?

An American photographer, recently received by the King of Denmark, was overwhelmed by His Majesty's courtesy.

> He (the King) came forward with his hand toward me and a grasp that was good to feel . . . He took me by the elbow to the door, then stepped to one side for me to precede him.

In other words, the King, although a king, was a gentleman! It is a long time since we have heard anything so remarkable.

Mr. Asquith, in an article in *The Saturday Evening Post,* tells of a discussion in one of Gladstone's cabinets over the accuracy of a quotation from Juvenal. Mr. Gladstone defended one version, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman another, and the cabinet finally took a division on the issue. Can we, by any wildest stretch of the imagination, picture such a happening in America? Try to conceive President Harding's cabinet debating such a question! We wonder whether any one of the officers, from Mr. Hughes down, would know whether Juvenal were a poet or a magazine for boys and girls.

Mr. Bok's $100,000 prize is magnificent. But it is still considerably less than any heavy-weight prize-fighter can tuck away in the course of a pleasant afternoon.

France has at last ratified the Washington Treaty. Coming at this late day, and in the face of the officially declared armament competition between England and France in weapons that count, this action of the Republic strikes us as being very like the rearing of a tombstone over a grave in the cemetery.

Eleven of the twenty-seven political prisoners released on condition by the President, have refused to accept freedom on terms which they rightly regard as insulting. They chose deliberately to remain behind the bars! Such exercise of freedom on the part of these heroic and consecrated men, makes the rest of us to seem as captives close bound in prisons of prejudice and fear.

J. H. H.

A Diagnosis of Europe

Editorial Correspondence

The following are the views of Professor C. Kuntz, sociologist, who is spending a year in Russia, Germany, Italy and the Near East. He is a Russian-American.

Here are some of the salient points characterizing the present international situation.

The feverishly industrial half century immediately preceding the war has converted the globe into one unique *economic* integer. All the several parts of this unit, the territorially and otherwise markedly delimited by "Keep-off-under-penalty" signs, had economically become so interdependent that the sudden elimination of one such part threatened the existence, or at least the equilibrium of the whole. The war *has* disturbed this equilibrium and its consequences *do* threaten the very existence of the whole.

Europe, the pivot of the industrial world, is dangerously wounded, America suffers from megallomenia, Asia is astray. At the sick bed of Europe no less an authority than (American) High Finance has carefully diagnosed the case and pronounced it as hopeless, unless some revision of the Versailles Treaty be agreed upon. Imperialism, however, following its instinct not only to hold on to whatever it has, but to grab for even more stands now, contract in hand, with its heel on the neck of the victim, and demands the pound of flesh, albeit to lead in puddles, nay in rivers of blood.

So here we are. Financial capital can, if at all, help but homeopathically, while the imperialist forces are creeping into Germany, the very heart of Europe, never to get out of there, never of their own accord. Of these forces, England does not regard the procedure "gentlemanly" enough; Italy does not deem it "fascistic" enough, Italy whose imperialist appetite has only been provoked, but by no means satisfied with, the "few yards" of annexed or redeemed territory. Most active is the sting of French imperialism, but as it apparently is no less deadly to itself than to its victim, the others can abide in acquiescence, the more so since, temporarily at least, Germany is perforce their customer.

As to Germany herself, she has been impelled to act the part of the humble, of the righteous, and to declare as her slogan passive resistance. To superficial observation this sounds like the Tolstoy-Gandhi nonresistance; in reality, however, Germany's attitude is somewhat as follows: The ruling class has through the Government, appropriated, as it were, and authoritatively "nationalized" the *feeling* of the laboring class which is that of a strike. A strike is a social resistance *sui generis,* but be it as it may, this policy of the government has taken the wind out of the sails of the labor class movement, and for the time being gives a chance to German capital to multi-

ply itself under the banner of a "united" *nationalist* front.

To demonstrate this, there is noticeable in the upper classes in Germany a leaning toward Russia. What objective conditions are there to account for this fact? Russia has no more respect for German capital than she has for French. Moreover, Russia is by all means against war. Her utter impoverishment, but particularly her *new reality* imperatively dictates to her peace. Whence then that leaning, that "German orientation" in the direction of Russia? It flows from the foregoing policy, which seems to bribe the laborer's mind. German labor begins to feel and to think the course of the Russian revolution has all along been *historically correct,* that history seems to have no other way out of the world—impasse, that all the trials she has given capital to re-establish itself are a failure—German labor therefore leans toward Russia and the ruling class pays the bribe and says "yes."

To sum up, the problems now confronting Europe have been brought about by imperialism, whose only motive force is capitalism. It is manifest that capital is international, but not internationa*list;* this means to say: capital true to its nature is ready to *exploit* anywhere and everywhere, but it is contrary, nay contradictory to its nature to *help* bankrupt capital (of a politically other country) to its feet and thus to nurse its own competitive antagonist. On the other hand, imperialism only creates and aggravates, but never solves any problem. Thus, it will also in the present case continue its course until it be stopped by a superior force or by its own exhaustion.

But . . . will there be war? There *is* war! Will there be revolution? There *is* revolution! . . . If it pleases anybody to call *this* state of international relations peace, to style *this* state of internal social life brotherhood—God bless him.

Berlin, Germany. SYDNEY STRONG.

Items from a Traveler's Note-book

I.

A Sunday in St. John, New Brunswick, is not an exciting experience. The town is a busy and thriving place. Its railway and steamship interests, its huge grain-elevators, its hotels, its numerous banks and stores, its movie-theaters, automobiles and street-cars, all give evidence of well-established business enterprise and well-founded prosperity. But on Sunday everything is as tight-closed as a summer-hotel in midwinter. The trolleys and the one ferry are running, an occasional drug store opens a timid door, but nothing else seems alive. What to do with oneself is a problem.

The obvious answer, especially for a minister like myself, is church. "Here is a chance," said I, "to find out what a real orthodox, pious community can do in the way of church-going. In such a town as this, if anywhere in our day and generation, the habit of attending Sunday services must be honored more in the observance than in the breach. There are certainly plenty of churches to accommodate the people —great stone structures, with impressive spires pointing heavenwards. It looks for all the world like Brooklyn, to see a church edifice down every street you pass! And these churches have no competition —no theaters, no movies, no music, not even a band-concert in the city park. Surely in this town I shall find the large congregations about which I have heard so much, and of which I have seen so little."

A bit of a surprise came on Saturday night when I looked over the religious "ads" in the local newspaper. Union services were on—the churches were combining in pairs, two-by-two like the animals in the ark, holding a joint morning service in the one church and a joint evening service in the other. Here were two Episcopalian churches combining in this fashion, here two Methodist, here a Baptist and a Presbyterian. Only the Catholics and the Christian Scientists seemed to be able to go it alone in July and August! This struck me as peculiar. Here is a city which has little or no hot weather, which is fiendishly religious in outward profession and observance; and yet the churches have to combine in order to fill their pews. What does it mean?

On Sunday morning I presented myself at the doors of the Presbyterian church which was uniting with the Baptist. The building was as ugly as bad taste could make it. But it was well taken care of, had interesting and impressive memorial tablets on the walls, a good organist, and one dear old man, with white head and benignant smile, happily showing the people to their seats. The minister, the Baptist pastor, was young and able. His sermon was well composed, carefully worked out, and admirably delivered. His thought was modern; he showed knowledge of the higher criticism of the Bible, and from first to last gave not even so much as a passing nod to the old theology. One of his hymns was by Oliver Wendell Holmes. His people evidently liked the man, were interested in what he said, and did him the honor of coming to his service on time (I saw but two persons enter the church after the opening words of praise!). Furthermore, there were fully as many men in the church as women, and not a few of both sexes were young. But how many were there? The church, with its sweeping balconies, must have seated anywhere from eight to nine hundred people—but the pews contained, on this beautiful, cool morning, only some two hundred (200) persons. The balconies were empty, and the main floor not a third full. And this represented *two* congregations—which means less than one hundred attendants for each church!

In the evening, at seven o'clock, I selected a Methodist church where two congregations were worshipping together. This building was uglier than the one I had seen in the morning—a thing which I had then thought impossible. The minister, one of the local pastors, was an old man, with typical ministerial garb, manners, and vocal inflections. His sermon was roughly put together and poorly delivered, but showed real distinction of thought and much pleasant literary culture. Pertinent and unusual references to the writings of Tennyson, Thackeray and Henry James disclosed the kind of food on which this man fed his mind. His sermon also, like that of the morning, was thoroughly modern in spirit. It might easily have been preached in a Unitarian pulpit in the "States." And how many people heard it? Less than one hundred (100)! While in the little park opposite the church, and in the streets immediately adjacent, as we came out, were enough men and women to fill every pew! And this congre-

gation, let it be remembered again, represented *two* Methodist churches. And not a thing to do in town that night except attend religious services! But the people seemed to prefer to sit idly on the park benches or to ride idly in the street cars! Where are the crowded churches, brethren? Forty-three thousand (43,000) people in St. John—and close to forty thousand (40,000) of them outside and not inside the churches on a Sunday morning or evening. What does it mean? Whither are we tending?

II.

A three hours' sail across the Bay of Fundy, in gorgeous sunshine and a slapping breeze, brought us to Digby in Nova Scotia, a little village of some 1,200 inhabitants, nestled in the hills overlooking the lovely waters of the Annapolis Basin. This town was once a thriving port, with a large fishing industry; but the empty wharves, the rambling and now almost silent fishhouses, the drying-racks so long unused as to be overgrown with waving grass, show the great changes in recent years. Business, of course, is not dead; one large schooner and a smaller one were in the harbor during our stay, an occasional steam-trawler looked in, and the excellent condition of the fish-houses disclosed the fact that they were not abandoned. Furthermore, a humming saw-mill up the road, and a little vessel laden deep with timber, revealed that the lumber industry is still something to be reckoned with in these parts. But neither in population nor in enterprise is Digby the Digby of former days. Nor are reasons far to seek!

In the first place, the summer visitor is abroad in the land, and here, as in Maine and other parts of New England, has created an industry which is fast driving out all others. Automobiles bearing license numbers from a dozen different states, hotels and boarding houses, tea rooms and restaurants, book shops, Indian goods, picture post cards, all show what is going on and where the money is coming from. The main business of this town is now the tourist business. And, when you come to think of it, why not? It's a lot pleasanter catching a boarder in summer than a tom-cod in winter—a good deal easier driving a bus than cutting down a hemlock—and all-around, beyond compare, more profitable! So Digby now works three months in the year entertaining the city visitor, and lives on the earnings therefrom during the other nine.

Another, more serious and much more fundamental reason for the change was unexpectedly disclosed in the course of a casual chat with a native as I stood by some wayside graves studying the old inscriptions. Discovering that my friend and I were Americans, the old man surprised us by fervently exclaiming that this country (Nova Scotia) ought to be a part of the United States, and would be some day, too! "Patriotism is all right enough," he continued vigorously, "but it don't fill no stomachs." Then, in answer to inquiries, he went on to explain how all the economic life of Nova Scotia, the southern part at least, was linked up with America, and not with Canada or the British Empire. Digby's natural market, for example, is Boston; it is here that she can sell most easily and profitably her strawberries, apples, potatoes, fish and lumber. But this natural economic outlet is arbitrarily shut off by political arrangements! Whatever the natural conditions in the case, Nova Scotia is legally a part of the Dominion and not of the Republic, and so her market is denied her. American tariff barons see to it carefully enough that nothing shall enter Boston from Nova Scotia without paying for the privilege and paying high. So a natural and prosperous trade route is closed, to the ruin, or at least heavy loss, of the people at both ends. Americans need fruit and vegetables and fish and lumber at as low a price as possible; Nova Scotia needs customers for her abundant products of this kind. But government sees to it that trading is stopped! So, instead of shipping food to Boston, as our informant told us with disgust, Digby ships its young men and young women. "Gad!" he said, "it was awful the way they left this spring!"

O friends, what a farce this government business is—this whole idea of country, loyalty, patriotism! What distresses and horrors has the conflict between political and economic facts visited upon mankind and what distresses and horrors from the same source have yet to come—until at least we learn to rise above the call of country to the call of humanity, and live together not so much as good citizens as good neighbors. What did this man care about Canada—its flag, its coinage, its stamps, its Governor-General, its King—as compared with his ruined garden and his hungry stomach? And what did I care about America as set over against Canada? Why should this man and myself be separated by these different loyalties? And why, as I came north, and again journeyed south, traveling through lands which looked to be everywhere the same, showing no boundaries, and bearing always friendly and hard-working people—why should I be insulted with inquiries as to who I am, where I am going and why, what is in my bag, etc., etc.? Preposterous, insane, laughable! When we get rid of governments and nationalisms and tariffs and flags and boundary lines and patriotisms and all the rest, we shall get somewhere—and not before.

Meanwhile, it is a thing to be grateful for that America and Canada live together peaceably, with no armies and navies in competition, no fortified frontiers, no hostilities and hatreds. I saw a lovely symbol of realities and possibilities, of facts and hopes, as I strolled along a highway above the town. "There's an American flag," was the sudden exclamation of my friend. I disagreed! "It can't be," I said; "and what is more," I continued, as I squinted at the banner, "it isn't! There's a cross, and not stripes." Vigorous was the dispute as we walked along, with much impolite comment about defective eye sight. Then, as we drew near to the tall flag pole, came the mingled satisfaction and embarrassment of discovering that we were both of us right and both of us wrong. For there, flying from the same staff, strung indeed on the same rope, side by side in beauty, were the Canadian and the American flags, so closely intertwined as to be indistinguishable. It was a lovely sight—a vision, as it were, of days that yet shall be!

III.

A journey up the coast of six hours, on a train that seemed to stop at every pair of bars, and to discharge two pieces of freight for every passenger, brought me to Wolfville, on the Basin of Minas, with Grand Pré and "the Evangeline country" just three miles distant. All along the railroad, through the fertile Annapolis Valley, I had been impressed by the apple trees—endless orchards of them, beautifully laid out and cultivated, row on row, like the orange groves of California. The climax seemed to come here where Evangeline and Gabriel had loved and—lost! Apple trees

were everywhere, and over the roads were coming great loads of barrels, made in Port Williams, some miles below, for the harvesting in the fall. Inquiry about moving the crop brought to my friend and myself some more information about international relations. These apples, we were told, were all shipped to Halifax and then abroad. "Don't any of them go to the 'States'?" I asked. "O, no!" came the reply. "Why it costs five dollars to get a barrel of these apples into Boston!" Think of it, you Bostonians, and New Englanders, and Americans generally! All these apples shipped three thousand miles across the Atlantic, with millions of consumers in Massachusetts and elsewhere only a few hundred miles west! And these consumers largely supplied by native apples, shipped another three thousand miles from Oregon and the far West, at a price anywhere from three to five times as great as would be charged for the Nova Scotian product, if it could be landed! What does such an absurdity and abomination mean? Why it means a boundary line, a flag, a nationality—above all things else, a tariff wall. Maine and Massachusetts politicians down in Washington say to Oregon politicians in the same place: "If you'll vote to put a tariff on potatoes, we'll vote to put a tariff on apples." And the humble citizen and tax payer is handsomely robbed in both cases! What is government, as revealed by such facts as these? Who can deny that it is anything other than an organized conspiracy against the many for the benefit of the few?

Grand Pré, from the historical point of view, was disappointing. The memories of the old pathetic days are here, but the records are largely gone. There are one or two old houses, a memorial park on the site of the old Acadian burial ground, a memorial church on the site of the old church, a really impressive statue of Evangeline—and that is all! Of course, the landscape is the same—the hills, the roads, even the farms are still unchanged. It was easy, as one gazed at the fat and lovely land, to feel within one's heart something of the sorrow of those old Acadian farmers when they were forced to go away and leave all that they had found and made, behind. In the still haze of that perfect summer day, as we walked the lanes, and looked upon the orchards, and gazed far off there to the sea, it seemed as though a melancholy brooded over all.

Our last day in Wolfville—a prosperous town of some 1,800 or more people, the seat of Acadia University, the leading Nova Scotian seat of learning—was a Sunday. In anticipation of church-going, we hunted up the churches, and found five—Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian and Catholic. The Baptist church, judged by outward appearances at least, was the church of the town. Its impressive brick structure, with auditorium, chapel and bell-tower, was located in beautiful grounds on the main street, and showed every sign of prosperity and prestige. "Here is the place to go," we said, "if we want to see the best that this community can do in the way of a Sunday morning congregation." Inquiry confirmed our own impression. This was "the big church," given especial influence by the presence at its doors of the Baptist theological school at Acadia. So on Sunday morning we went to this Baptist institution, and saw a gathering which, from the comparative point of view at least, cheered the heart. In an appropriately ugly auditorium, which would probably seat on floor and gallery some seven hundred (700) people, there assembled an audience of between two hundred (200) and three hundred (300) persons. The character of the congregation was as impressive as its numbers—here were the substantial citizens of the town, some farmers and young tradesmen, children, many pews filled with what seemed to be whole families, and of course, some summer visitors. The audience had good *morale*—was punctual, quiet, attentive, sang well, and evidently enjoyed being present. The minister, although handicapped with a pathetically weak voice, had a most ingratiating personality, conducted his service with a genuine and therefore contagious joy, and preached a well-constructed sermon along liberal lines. There was plenty of orthodox phraseology, but the thought was as far removed from the old standards of doctrinaire theology as could well be imagined. At last I had found an encouraging church! Just think if any one of the St. John churches had been able to gather a congregation as large proportionately as this! Such a church would have been packed, thousands turned away, and the police reserves summoned to preserve order.

On Sunday evening, I went to the Presbyterian church, a beautiful little structure of native stone, and found myself back again in the old ruts. Here were only thirty-four (34) people gathered for the evening service. It seemed—and was—pitiful; but when the service was finished, I wondered not that there were so few in attendance, but that there were actually so many!

IV.

One thing on this trip amused me immensely. It was the constant appeal to familiar patriotic sentiments in terms not of America but of Canada. We were in Nova Scotia on the eve of the celebration in Pictou of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of the first Scottish settlers in the good ship "Hector." Everything spoken and written on this occasion was an exact duplication of what we constantly say in the United States about the Pilgrim Fathers. While we were in St. John, an important citizen died. Governor-General Byng, in the city a few days later, referred to "the sterling Canadianism" of the deceased! I didn't chance to run across the phrase "100% Canadian," but I haven't a doubt that it is in familiar use. We are much the same, after all. How easily we could think, act, love and live together, if we only once got started on the great adventure! Spiritually we already have an international language. All we need to do is to remove its parochial tags and labels, and thus truly universalize it, to make us one.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

THE CLUE.

Everywhere is beauty;
Beauty everywhere!
We to truth awaken,
Caught in beauty's snare.

Empty, life, of meaning;
Baffled, we, and blind,
Till in love of beauty
We the secret find.

Aye, the love of beauty—
Have we heart to feel—
All there is of wisdom
Will to us reveal.

V. E. S.

The Present Crisis: The Shadow of the League

II.

The conviction persists, in spite of much propaganda to the contrary, that there is a great danger to the best interests of the American people and to the peace and moral progress of the world in the participation of the United States in the Geneva League of Nations as that organization is now constituted and controlled. The danger does not lie on the surface. It does not arise merely from the unfortunate decision of the League with regard to the valuable industrial and coal-mining region of Upper Silesia which that decision dismembered, to the great injury of Germany. Nor is it even because of the League's administration of the Saar Valley in a way to benefit the economic and political interests of the French state and its chief manipulators and beneficiaries, to the further injury of Germany and in violation of the feelings and desires of the solidly German population of the region. The danger does not arise merely from the fraudulent mandate system of the League, nor from its discreditable connivance at the violent partition of Lithuanian territory and the annexation of Vilna, the ancient Lithuanian capital, by Polish bayonets and Polish chauvinism which French policy has steadily encouraged and exploited for its own imperial ends. These are but unfortunate manifestations of the League's fictitious authority. French diplomacy in Poland has acted in the same way that British imperial policy has acted in exploiting and encouraging the hapless Greeks to make war upon reviving Turkey, and then supporting victorious Turkey, with perfect duplicity, in the Near East Conference. And in fairness be it said that great American oil interests and financial groups, standing behind them in the shadows "keeping watch above their own," have actively supported one or another of the great dualists in the adventurous and fatal game played with brash and cunning for the rich stakes of diplomacy throughout the world.

That great game is being played now within and without the feeble structure of the League of Nations, with ruthless disregard of the lives of millions of human beings who happen to be living within the areas of conflict, or oppressed by the burdens of taxation and the military obligations of citizenship involved in the struggle. It is a grand game—if you win; but it is a game that has always resulted in war, and war has grown so terrible that many people in Europe are deliberately refraining from bringing children into the kind of world they see groaning around them. It is a game which, certain as midnight, will result in war again—war more frightful than the last—until the people themselves and particularly the young men who must sweat and bleed and kill and die, summon the wisdom and the courage to refuse longer to submit to it and establish by their own manifest will to peace—in defiance, if necessary, of the predatory and belligerent interests that control the governments, and of the law itself, in the last analysis—the security of the world by compelling the arbitration of its quarrels and the abolition of its lawless armaments.

The dangers of participation by the government of the United States in the political activities of the existing rudimentary League of Nations at Geneva do not arise, however, merely from the doubtful and destructive decisions which it has already made and which Allied bayonets have enforced. If the United States had been a member of the League American prestige and power would have been behind, or would have been interpreted as being behind those bayonets and the governments that direct their thrusts nominally under the authority of the League. We could not have withdrawn from the League or disassociated ourselves from its policies as easily as we could withdraw our troops from the Rhine. Nor could we have controlled the policy of the League in these embittered affairs without making sacrifices of principle or interest elsewhere to the governments which we might have desired to restrain from using the League to mask the execution of their predatory purposes. All of which the League's ardent propagandists guilelessly ignore or disingenuously conceal in their impressive campaigns to recruit the United States of America.

Even the obvious incompleteness and unilateral character of the existing league, resting as it does upon the miasmic quicksands of the Treaty of Versailles, is not its most dangerous and disappointing deficiency from a liberal American standpoint. International peace can never be enforced or maintained by the threat or exercise of military power. The sooner we can unite in regarding all attempts to do so as fallacious or hypocritical, and doomed to dismal failure, the more rapid will be our progress towards the goal of civilization. Peace, like Justice, is a thing that waits for the mind and heart of man to create out of conflict and chaos which seem to be the natural order or disorder of the world. It can be created, but not primarily by politicians or by the method of politics which are divisive and treacherous methods and which, lacking fundamental cohesion in law or economy, are disruptive. International peace, in particular, depends for its preservation, in time of stress, upon the extent of cultural inter-stimulation, upon the invisible and healing forces of art and literature and moral suasion far more than it does upon the machinations of diplomats or the machinery of government. Human life can never be a static thing, and hence peace in human life can be successfully maintained only by moral and flexible means, by recourse to boards of arbitration created *ad hoc* rather than to permanent courts of law, and by those political methods which endeavor to provide means of making political changes, which are made necessary by the changing economic and moral world, possible with a minimum of friction and an absence of force. Hence the need, which will ever exist, of high-minded and resourceful statesmanship. Hence the futility of any political organization in international affairs which proposes to maintain the *status quo*, and to endorse the use of nationalist armies and navies for this purpose. Hence the futility of the political aspects of the existing Geneva League of Nations, which seeks to do, and does, precisely that.

The most disappointing and dangerous deficiency of the Geneva League from a liberal American standpoint is, therefore, that it is essentially an undemocratic political institution of unlimited political liabilities, wedded to the Treaty of Versailles and to its authors, the spirit and purpose of whose fundamental covenant is not one of creating, or endeavoring to create methods of making necessary political changes possible without the use of armed force, but rather

one of making them henceforth impossible by any means, and of endeavoring to preserve forever the political and economic arrangements dictated by the Allied governments following the use of temporarily successful military violence on an appalling scale. This, it seems to me, is the moral heart of the matter. Had the authors of the Geneva League recognized that changes of political structure and allegiance must always be made from time to time in a changing world, had they tried to devise political machinery for making necessary changes possible by peaceful means, by the free exercise of opinion rather than by violence, by recognizing as indefeasible the right of the population of any region to determine at any time, by fair plebiscite, the character of its political allegiance, by recognizing the right of larger regions—of a continent or of the world as a whole—to consideration in the matter of free economic intercourse and transit, and, most important of all, had they stigmatized warfare, the use of military force in every form, and the creation and preparation of military force, particularly by conscription, as a contravention of public law—had the Geneva League of Nations and its authors done, or even tried to do these things, there would be a different story to record of the last five disappointing and disheartening years, and the proposal of American participation would be a clear challenge to all that is enlightened and aspiring among our people. But the facts, lamentable as it is, are otherwise and we are very fortunate that a small minority of "wilful men" in the Senate made it possible for us to discover them before it was too late.

It is for all these reasons, I take it, that Signor Nitti, former prime minister of Italy and leader of Italian liberalism, has repeatedly called the League a "fraud" in speech and writing. The Russians, for other reasons associated with Marxian dogma, will have nothing whatever to do with it—and because they regard it as an abortive experiment incapable of any honest and independent action. The failure of the League to respond to Dr. Nansen's appeal to it two years ago for aid for the victims of famine in Russia unfortunately only confirmed Russian opinion. Even the Swiss accepted the League by a very narrow margin at the plebiscite held to determine the question of Swiss participation. Signor Nitti, in recent articles published in Germany, pronounces the abstention of the United States from the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations—an abstention brought about by Senators Knox and Borah, and that little group of grateful memory—as "an act of the greatest political wisdom than which nothing that has happened in the last three years is to be more valued." Even certain important British leaders of the Opposition—the Labor Party—(notably Mr. E. D. Morel) regard the League of Nations as falsely established and largely futile.

Why is it falsely established and largely futile? The answer is obvious: Because two of the greatest and most powerful nations in Europe are excluded—Germany and Russia, not to mention Turkey. Until they participate in the discussions and decisions of the Council of the League on an equality with the Allied Powers, the League will in every crisis yield to the desires and reflect the will of the men who established and control it. The Assembly, moreover, composed of delegations from fifty-two countries, is not elected on any democratic basis. All of its members are appointed by the heads of existing governments and thus do not represent the currents of diverging or opposing opinion in the countries from which they come. Were these delegates popularly elected, or even selected from the existing parliaments on the basis of adequate and accurate minority representation, or, better still, were they selected from the political parties represented in the various national parliaments by the method of proportional representation on the basis of the number of votes polled by each party at the last national election, the Assembly might develop vigorous and useful divisions of opinion along other lines than those of nationality. The voting in the Assembly should, of course, be free and not by states, as it now is. Added to these deficiencies is the dangerous provision contained in the Covenant which makes amendment extremely difficult, and possible only by the unanimous consent of the Council.

These grave deficiencies in the Covenant of the League are far more serious than the difficulty presented by the much-mooted Article 10, which nobody seriously believes, or than the technical problem offered by Great Britain's five votes in the Assembly as against one from the United States, should we enter the Geneva League as it is now constituted. They are deficiencies fundamental in the structure of the organization and it is, I believe, essential that they should be eliminated as the *sine qua non* of American participation. If the League is not amended in the two directions indicated, i. e., by the inclusion of Germany and Russia as plenipotentiary members of the Council—or, better still, by eliminating the Council—and of Turkey and Mexico as members of the Assembly, and by modifying the method of the selection of the delegates to the Assembly and of its procedure with a view to assuring and promoting its democratic character, it would be a lamentable and costly blunder for the United States to enter it. Once in, America has lost her independent influence in the presence of the exigencies of practical politics and of compromising bargaining. There can be no serious consideration of the emotional appeal to join first and change the character of the League afterward; if it is not changed at the time of our entrance it will not be changed afterward, by every probability of experience. The American people heard the same argument made about entering the war and transforming it into a crusade for democracy and a "war to end war" by their disinterested participation. They yielded and entered that conflict in response to the powerful pressure of Allied finance and of the rhetoric of the same kind of ardent, ill-informed pseudo-liberalism that is now so actively endeavoring to coerce them into the League at any price. They did not succeed, it is recorded, with all their magnificent display of heroism and idealism, in transforming the war from the sordid, imperialist struggle that it was, and the whole outcome of that war, to put the matter very mildly, ought forever to silence any argument of this kind and should certainly give pause, if not rebuke, to those who persist in advancing it. It is most significant that it is not the pacifists who are leading the present propaganda for the League. They are in the habit of looking Trojan gift-horses in the teeth!

The United States has already been played upon by the winds of propaganda fanned and directed in the interests of various European states until we have reacted almost with a feeling of disgust from Europe and the poisoned intrigues of European politics, and we recognize now that we are unprepared either in

mood or in intellectual resources of informed opinion and statesmanship to assume that responsibility and play that decisive role in the tangled and embittered affairs of Europe to which the selfish interests of various European groups and their ever-increasing helplessness in the presence of economic disaster and French domination unite in summoning it. Nothing is more wholesome than this recognition, for the chief moral tragedy of American statesmanship following the war was the over-confident ease with which Mr. Wilson ignored uncomfortable facts like the Secret Treaties of the Allies—of which there is no longer any doubt that he was informed—and his failure to square the Treaty with his eloquently expressed ideals of even-handed justice or to realize the enormity of his folly in seeking to pledge American resources, human and material, to the maintenance of the embittered and impossible peace which was established by that Treaty and confirmed by the League. The plain fact of the matter is, moreover, that in the present condition of American public opinion the participation of the United States would not enhance the liberal spirit or strengthen the peace-promoting activity of the League.

(To be continued.)

BRENT DOW ALLINSON.

Country Glimpses

What better day for motoring than when the sky is overcast! For hours we traveled through a heavy Scotch mist which, now and then, gleamed like myriad diamonds as the sun shone through, and lay on the fields beyond in great golden patches. The bob o'links liked it, for they flew exultantly across the fields and settled on the fences to enjoy it more fully. The storm, as it approached, was glorious. Great rolling banks of low-lying clouds on the left might have been the foot hills of some great western range; in the foreground a group of trees on a hilltop, almost enveloped in clouds, resembled the turrets of some old feudal castle, while, on the right, the landscape still gleamed in the sun, as fresh and green and tender as a new-born world. The storms followed each other swiftly, the rain pelting with terrific force, but just as swiftly came gleaming sunshine. The patient cows stood in the pastures or under wide spreading trees and, at the first hint of sunshine, meandered off to browse upon the lush and tender grass. The robins needed little to tempt them to burst into song, and the meadow larks rose into the sky from their nests, hidden in the deep grass and protected by the overhanging ledge of a ditch. Then a grayness, dense enough to cut and

> The hills were a misty shadow
> And the clouds a shadowy mist.

But a sudden splash of light—a vista of fertile fields between two wooded knolls, such as one sometimes sees between two mountain peaks where the air is very rare and every object is accentuated. After this, a purple glow over field and hill and wood and the storm had passed.

H. S. N.

THE STUDY TABLE

Books about Man

For years there has been a hiatus in the appearance of books, which deal broadly with the great general principles of anthropology. Lubbock, Morgan, Tylor represent a period of splendid production, but their works after all blighted and hampered by giving apparent finality. Only recently have our writers ventured to shake free from the tradition of those splendid leaders and to insist upon the results of their own independent investigation. Here in America, Lowie and Wissler broke the way with "Culture and Ethnology" and "The American Indian"; later came Lowie's "Primitive Society" and Goldenweiser's "Early Civilization"; now we have Wissler's "Man and Culture." They are a noble quintette. "Man and Culture"[1] presents the present day position of culture historical study as no other book. It is divided into three parts—The Meaning of Culture, The Form and Content of Culture, The Relation of Culture to Man. It contains much that is new and original, much that is old but presented in new form of statement. Starting out with emphasis upon the comparative point of view, the author does a quite novel thing in taking our own Euro-American type of culture as a standard, an illustration, and a term of comparison. He then shows that culture is continuous, that every culture has its roots in the past and that future cultures will be outgrowths of those of to-day. To clearly study the content of culture our author defines the technical cultural terms—*trait, complex, type, area, centre,* and illustrates their use; he states and exemplifies *adhesion of culture complexes.* One of the most significant chapters in the book deals with *the universal pattern.* To grasp its deep significance demands some thought. Cultural elements are not only few, they are enormously old. The complete pattern existed as far back as we find evidences of human culture; not only so, it is unlikely that new elements will be added in the future. Man's possibilities in cultural expression were sketched and outlined long ago. If we compare collections of objects from the savage Botocudo of South America and from the highly civilized Japanese, we shall need the same subdivisions, the same groupings, the same terminology in our display cases. The author fully discusses the meaning of cultural likenesses in separated areas or populations. Three suggestions have been made as to cultural acquisitions. Similar culture traits in two areas may be due to independent invention, diffusion, or convergence. Wissler does not insist on one to the exclusion of the others. All three actually exist. Each case observed is a separate and independent problem for consideration and decision. The discussion of diffusion which follows is illuminating and utilizes the methods of study so happily used in the earlier book, "The American Indian." Many important and interesting questions are studied and an effort is made towards a chronology of culture and towards the grouping of all cultures into a few great culture types, as the Euro-American, Oriental, and Middle American. The third part of the book is perhaps the most important in the nature of the questions it arouses, but the one in which a reader may most frequently question the conclusions reached. In it such

[1] "Man and Culture." Clark Wissler. New York: 1923. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 16mo; pp. xi, 371.

general topics are considered as—culture as human behavior, the individual and the race in culture, the domestication of man, and its consequences, environment, rationalization of culture processes. The book is not one for careless reading, but it is written with such clearness as to be comprehended by anyone who will give attention and thought to its perusal. It can be heartily recommended. There is no other book in the language, which begins to cover the field.

Frazer's "Golden Bough"[2] is too well known to require an introduction. At the time of its appearance, the first edition, in two octavo volumes, was considered a monument of industry and minute research in a mass of little known and unappreciated material. Yet it grew and expanded until it comprised twelve great volumes, each devoted to some specific phase of the subject. Such a voluminous treatment demanded an outlay of time and money beyond the ability of most readers and there has been a general call for an abridged form of the work. A one-volume edition has now appeared. The form and nature of the argument remain as in the full work; the notes and references, which occupy a great space in it, have been entirely omitted. This new edition is sure to be well received. Though it contains seven hundred closely printed pages, the volume is convenient for handling. As is well known, the argument centres about "the king of the wood" and the questions why he guarded the sacred tree, why he was compelled to contest with all champions who came, why he must be killed by his younger rival who took his place as guardian. The study leads out into many subordinate investigations—of the kingship, of sympathetic magic, of tree worship, of taboos and sacrifices, of scapegoats, of the killing of the god, of fire festivals, etc. Though these at first sight seem quite independent things, they are inter-related and the study of any one element in the complex leads to a study of all. Each re-reading of Frazer brings up new points for disagreement, but there is hardly a book that has had a greater influence in any field of thought than the "Golden Bough." We are justified in considering this edition the most authoritative presentation of the author's ripened ideas upon the matter.

To say that Lawrence's "Fantasia of the Unconscious"[3] is a striking and unusual book is to put it mildly. The author irritates, chiefly by over-estimation of himself, but irritation is not altogether bad. He pretends to indifference to readers—"if anybody wants to read it, let him. But why anybody should read one single word if he doesn't want to, I don't see." While he insults and nags his readers, few authors more clearly betray their anxiety for a wide and sympathetic reading. He would be greatly disappointed if he were not taken as an oracle, or if he failed to make a sensation. If one could really let loose and express his sub-conscious (let alone his unconscious) it would make a wild and fearful, though thrilling and instructive, story. Just what Lawrence means by "fantasia of the unconscious" is not clear, but he wants to relieve his mind of various unpopular ideas about life and society and to speak them with a frankness approaching brutality. So much of what he says is fine and sane, useful if it were accepted, that we rebel somewhat at his ridiculously self-conscious sensitiveness in its saying. Of course the book is permeated with sex. Accepting some popular ideas of the day as to the physiological foundations of human action, as to the basis of sensation and impulse, as to the origin and meaning of sex, he sketches a course of life for the adult and a mode of training for the child. Among many of his suggestions is the importance of manly men and womenly women; society's very existence is threatened by the intermediate, non-sexed individuals of our culture, where there are no longer men or women in the true sense of the word. He would have less boon companionship between the sexes, less of "good pals," more of wife-beating. He believes the babe is spoiled from birth by undue tenderness and pampering, by petting and over-display of love. "Play with it, tease it and roll it over as a dog her puppy, mock it when it is too timorous, laugh at it, scold it when it really bothers you, and when it makes you genuinely angry spank it soundly." General education should be suppressed. No child should go to school before it has ten years of age. "Self-expression" should not be encouraged; "understanding" is no aim of education. "A child musn't understand things." Such are some of the points stressed. We have selected them because, after all, we approve of their central ideas. Lawrence finds human activity to spring from deep-seated structural sources. The plexuses are the controllers. It is the great sympathetic system that primarily impels men and any explanation, philosophy, life scheme or education which fails to take it into account and to act in harmony with it is bound to produce confusion, disorganization and ruin. Lawrence says many really fine things and much with which we may disagree in his statement, is highly suggestive and breeds thought. He need not have adopted a constantly deprecatory, apologetic, whimsical form of statement. It repels readers, who would have accepted even his boldest dicta, as quickly, if they had been said in simple, straightforward, unconscious fashion. Throughout his book, the author more constantly sees himself—the combatant lecturer—rather than his subject.

From its title and the announcement on the cover-wrapper—"How to estimate the character of one's friends, associates and acquaintances in business and in social life"—we might assume Holingworth's book[4] to be a practical manual for the study of individuals. Such is hardly the case. It is rather an examination of the different methods already used in the examination of individuals or applicants for positions, in order to see how far they are effective. The author is professor of psychology in connection with Columbia University and writer of four other books upon related themes put out by the same publishers. The material of the present book has been largely developed in the form of class lectures. The book is intended to be of service to general readers, students, teachers, business men, foremen, etc., etc. The author takes up, one after another, the methods that have been tried. states how they have been used, what results they give, and what value they have. He thus examines—the letter of application, the photograph, the personal interview, the self estimate, the recommendation and testimonial. These have all been used in the past and are simple and natural. Each may have some value, each has some weakness: the value of each can be fairly determined and all taken together fall short of what is desirable. Holingworth then examines the recent, more precise, experimental

[2] "The Golden Bough." James G. Frazer. New York: 1922. The Macmillan Co. 8vo; pp. xiv, 752.

[3] "Fantasia of the Unconscious." D. H. Lawrence. New York: 1922. Thomas Seltzer. 16mo; pp. xv, 297.

[4] "Judging Human Character." H. L. Holingworth. New York: 1923. D. Appleton & Co. 16mo; pp. xiii, 268.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

CHICAGO BIDS FAREWELL TO FREDERICK STARR

Frederick Starr retired from active service with the University of Chicago on June 15, after thirty-one years' connection. He was with the University from the beginning, meeting classes on October 1, 1892. He will go onto retirement allowance from October 1, and will thereafter devote himself to writing, to field investigation, and, occasional lecturing. His departure from the University was marked by a series of remarkable testimonials. On April 28, he was a guest of honor at the fourth annual dinner of The Bookfellows, at which time he was given the Silver Torch, the highest honor granted by the organization; on June 6, he was the guest of honor of the Class of 1913, at its decennial dinner. On May 11, the Friday Morning Forum of Abraham Lincoln Centre gave him a farewell luncheon; on May 15, the Cosmopolitan Club organized a complimentary dinner, as a farewell by the student body; on June 5, under the leadership of the Kongo Thirteen Club a dinner was given by his old students, who came from every part of the country and made it an extraordinary occasion, unique in the history of the University—announcing the formation of a "house-fund" for the purchase of a home for him; on June 17, The Workers' University, before which Prof. Starr had often lectured, gave him a banquet, at which the spirit was splendid and the expressions of regret exceptional.

Professor Starr will make his future headquarters at Seattle, Washington. He will divide his time between the Occident and the Orient. He has purchased a bungalow and removed his books and other belongings to it. Mr. Jutaro Ura, his Japanese helper, accompanies him and will continue his studies at the University of Washington. Prof. Starr plans to make an expedition into the Orient, leaving on July 28 by the Alabama Maru. He should reach Yokohama about Aug. 16 and will spend some weeks in Japan —ascending Mount Fuji for the third time, climbing the other great sacred mountain Ontake, making the trip of the Kisokaido (Nakasendo), and completing some studies, which were begun in other journeys. He will spend some weeks in Korea, developing his collections in Korean ethnography and studying the present situation. After a brief stay in China, he will go on to Cambodia, where he will arrive about November 15 and will study French colonial administration and visit the famous ruins of Angkor. In December he will proceed to Siam to investigate southern Buddhism and to study Siamese conditions. Returning to the United States about May of next year, Prof. Starr hopes to put some of his Japanese material into print. Two of his series of seven books about Japan should appear before the end of 1924—"On the Old Highways" and "Fujiyama, the Sacred Mountain of Japan." He hopes also during the coming year to materialize three special exhibitions, which he has long had in preparation—"Educational Games," "Japanese Toys" and "The Contact Between Japan and the Outside World."

Prof. Starr's new address is: Frederick Starr, 5727 Thirty-fifth Ave. N.E., Seattle, Washington.

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Eighth Annual Meeting of the American Council of the World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches.

Philadelphia, Pa., November 13, 14, 15, 1923. Headquarters: Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa.

Among the speakers asked to appear on the program are: Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George, Most Rev. Nathan Söderblom, Archbishop of Sweden; Rev. Thomas Nightingale, Secretary, National Free Church Council of England, Scotland and Wales; Rev. T. G. Brierly Kay, London; Dr. Voyslav Janitch, Secretary, Parliament Jugo-Slavia, Belgrade; Professor Adolph Deissmann, University of Berlin; Professor E. de Faye, University of Paris; Rev. William P. Merrill, D.D., General John F. O'Ryan, Bishop Luther B. Wilson, D.D., Rev. Edward Cummings, D.D., Dr. John H. Finley, Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, D.D., Rev. Arthur J. Brown, D.D., Gov. Wm. E. Sweet, of Colorado, Prof. William Adams Brown, Hon. Oscar Straus, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Mr. Fred B. Smith, Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick, Pres. Mary E. Woolley, Archbishop John J. Glennon, Mr. John P. Frey, Mr. Will Irwin, Rev. Frederick Lynch, D.D., Mrs. Edgerton Parsons.

The Philadelphia Church Federation is co-operating in the arrangements and will act as host of the occasion.

Tentative Program

Tuesday, November 13, 1923

Afternoon Session:

2:30 o'clock.—Rose Room, Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. Organization. Business. Reports of Officers.

4:30 o'clock.—

Evening Session:

7:00 o'clock.—Dinner. Ball Room, Bellevue-Stratford Hotel.

Wednesday, November 14, 1923

Morning Session:

10:00 o'clock.—Ball Room. Bellevue-

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methods. He states the general principles affecting them and then describes the mental and ability tests, sampling, correlation and the like. He closes his discussion by showing how results are to be drawn and expressed. In appendices, he presents an extended bibliography and a series of experiments and laboratory exercises. The book is practical throughout. It gives an excellent statement of the present status of the entire subject. FREDERICK STARR.

CORRESPONDENCE

WELLS MISREPRESENTS GIBBON.

Editor of UNITY:

I have enjoyed Dorothy Brewster's "Mr. Wells Again!", and agree with her that the reading of the "Outline" was a memorable intellectual and emotional experience. Yet it was a jolt to an old admirer of Wells, as I am, to find this surprising misrepresentation of Gibbon in chapter XXXV. The italics are mine, of course:

"Gibbon's great history is essentially an attack upon Christianity *as the operating cause of the decline and fall.* He idealized the crude and gross plutocracy of Rome into a world of fine gentlemen upon the eighteenth century model, and told how it fell before the Barbarian from without *because of the decay through Christianity within.*"

These assertions simply are not true; and one can only wonder how they are allowed to stand, in the third and revised edition. The nearest approach to anything which could justify them that I can find in Gibbon is the statement, in the final chapter of the third volume, "that the introduction, or at least the abuse, of Christianity *had some influence* on the decline and fall of the Roman empire." Then, after discussing the abuses which were rife in the church, and their evil effects, he adds, "but the pure and genuine influence of Christianity may be traced in its beneficial, though imperfect, effects on the Barbarian proselytes of the North. If the decline of the Roman empire was hastened by the conversion of Constantine, his victorious religion broke the violence of the fall, and mollified the ferocious temper of the conquerors."

This is very far short of being "an attack upon Christianity *as the operating cause,*" etc.

Wells is doing a fine work in combatting the foolish theology which has made what he styles "official Christianity" a failure; while he accepts and emphasizes the ethics of Jesus. It seems a pity that he cannot recognize the fact that Gibbon was doing exactly the same thing!

Yours,

Los Angeles, California. HAROLD FISK.

APPRECIATION OF "UNITY."

Editor of UNITY:

. . . UNITY has been unusually good the last few months. It is the one magazine that comes to my desk that I lay aside to read when I am very, very weary and more than a little soul sick. It always rests and refreshes and helps me to take up the burdens of life again. . . .

Newllano, La. KATE RICHARDS O'HARE.

Stratford Hotel. World Alliance Business.

11:00 o'clock.—Address: "The Permanent Court and International Life."

Afternoon Session:

2:30 o'clock.—Ball Room, Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. World Alliance Business.

4:00 o'clock.—Open Air Meeting on Steps of Independence Hall. Address: "America and World Independence."

Evening Session:

8:00 o'clock.—Witherspoon Hall. Public Meeting.

Thursday, November 15, 1923

Morning Session:

9:30 o'clock.—Ball Room, Bellevue-Stratford Hotel.

10:30 o'clock.—Address: "Plans for the Alliance in America." (a) Shall we establish regional groups? (b) Shall we further the organization of local branches? (c) Co-operation with existing groups.

Afternoon Session:

2:30 o'clock.—Witherspoon Hall. World Alliance Business. Election of Directors and Officers.

4:00 o'clock.—Address: "The Court and its Sanctions, and the demand for further and more perfect world organization."

Evening Session:

8:00 o'clock.—The Metropolitan Opera House. Public Meeting.

Answers Mr. Bryan

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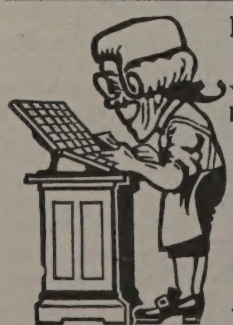

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